

weak must yield to the strong; and we must soon be an extinguished people. The advancing waves of civilization are driving us towards the Pacific.—There may we have rest!

'And as the old Indian said these words, he again lifted the gourd filled with the crystal water to his lips. But with an insatiable ferocity, I raised my rifle and shot him through the heart. The fancied report awoke me. The stars were shining brightly through the green network of leaves, which the tall sycamores, with their intertwining boughs, formed above me. An almost unnatural quiet pervaded the forest. I thought upon the events of my dream. The words of the old Indian yet rung in my ears. A train of reflections passed through my mind, which roused me to a sense of my sinful and relentless passions. My feelings were softened and subdued. I prostrated myself on the dewy turf, and poured out my soul in prayer to that invisible Spirit, towards whom a mysterious sympathy raised my aspirations. My repentance was entire and unreserved. I arose an altered man.

'I had rendered myself terrible to the Indians by my successful and ever eager hostility. I now found it impossible to inspire them with confidence in my good intentions. A revulsion of feeling in their favor had made me desirous of devoting the remainder of my life to the amelioration of their condition. I at last quitted the wilderness of which I had been an inhabitant for more than twenty years, and determined to return to the village of my birth. I am thus far, stranger, upon my pilgrimage. How changed from what I was when I first traversed these mountains!

The old man finished his narrative, and as we were going in opposite directions, we bade each farewell. The mists of the morning were by this time dissipated, and the sun shone forth with fervid brightness. I again mounted my horse, and continued with new food for reflection, on my solitary way.

A GIRL WITNESSING AN EXECUTION.—With a light yet hurried step she went up stairs, and approached the lattice. At first she could not force herself to look out; but the agony of endurance grew insupportable, and she leant forth. Her worst fears were not realized; but there was enough to alarm her in the unusual aspect of the place. It was now about six o'clock, and the first freshness was on the air, which is to the day what youth is to life,—so light, so elastic, so sweet, and so brief; the roofs of the thatched buildings glittered with the moisture rapidly drying up; the fragrant breath of the cows, the long-lingered odour from the hay ricks, were so perceptible on the atmosphere; long shadows came down from the house and trees, but they only made more visible the golden transparency of the sunshine. "O God!" cried Francesca, "this contrast of the glad eternal world is dreadful to that within!" The farm-yard, though morning was upon it, showed none of its usual morning activity; the hinds stood staring and bewildered in knots of some two or three, who appeared as if they sought to draw nigh to each other for protection, not companionship, and cast half-sullen, half-scared looks at the intruders on their own domain. The soldiers were scattered about, some talking to each other with the most careless indifference, others collected round a gaunt-looking serjeant, who was reading from a small Bible, and whose usual accents were audible,

though Francesca could not catch the words. A small body of dismounted troopers were lounging near the gate, waiting for their leader's call to boot and saddle; but there was one party that rivetted her eye, six men, of grave and determined bearing, who stood apart, leaning upon their carbines. The domestic fowls alone seemed undisturbed by the unusual visitors, unless a more than ordinary noise of chirping and fluttering marked something of fear; but the large house-dog could not be quieted, and kept up that savage bark and growl which indicated its consciousness of intrusion and danger. Suddenly all eyes turned in one direction, and Major Johnson came from the house, followed by the prisoner and four soldiers. Francis stepped lightly forward, and flung round a glance of the most careless contempt; and as he passed, below the window, Francesca could hear him humming the notes of a popular loyalist song peculiarly obnoxious to the rigid fanatics. The insult caused many a dark brow to turn scowling upon him; but he paid them back glance for glance, and met every frown with a smile. He reached the appointed place, and, at a sign from Major Johnson, one of the troopers drew a handkerchief, and attempted to bind his eyes. The prisoner flung him off with a force scarcely to be expected from one of his slight figure, and turning quickly, said, "Let me die like a man! whatever is my death, let me face it!" No further effort was made to blindfold him; but the carbineers formed their deadly rank, looking, however, towards their commander for the signal. "I will myself give the word!" cried Francis. "When I take off my hat, fire." Francesca had hitherto looked on with that sort of charmed gaze with which the fascinated bird watches the gray and glittering eye of the serpent which forces it to its doom; but womanly terror now mastering strong excitement, she knelt down, and hiding her face in her hands, muttered incoherent ejaculations of prayer. Major Johnson had, by a stern gesture of assent, marked his permission for the prisoner to give his own death signal; and Francis, after a leisurely survey, expressive of the utmost contumely of the iron faces that darkened around him, raised his hand to his head; every carbine was raised, too, in preparation; and the sudden rise of the steel tubes flashed like some strange meteor in the sun. "God save King Charles!" exclaimed the reckless cavalier, and flung his white plumed hat in the air. A loud burst of musketry rang far away into the distant forest; many echoes took it up, and repeated the mimic thunder; a strange screaming arose from the startled birds; but loud above them all was heard the shriek of a woman.—*Miss Landon's Francesca Ferrara.*

WIFE OF LAFAYETTE.—The following is taken from that portion of Everett's beautiful tribute to the memory of this friend of America, and champion of liberal principles, which relates to the attempt of his wife to effect his liberation from the dungeon of Olmutz:

Relieved from anxiety on account of her son, the wife of Lafayette was resolved, with her daughters, to share his captivity. Just escaped from the dungeons of Robespierre, she hastened to plunge into those of the German Emperor. The admirable lady who, in the morning of life, had sent her young hero from her side to fight the battle of constitutional freedom beneath the guidance of Washington, now goes to immure herself within

the gloomy cells of Olmutz. Born, brought up, accustomed to all that was refined, luxurious and elegant, she goes to shut herself up in the poisonous wards of his dungeon—to partake his wretched fare; to share his daily repeated insults; to breathe an atmosphere so noxious and intolerable, that the gaolers who bring them their daily food, are compelled to cover their faces as they enter their cells.

Landing at Altona on the 9th of September, 1795, she proceeded with an American passport, under the family name of her husband (Motier,) to Vienna. Having arrived in that city, she obtained, through the compassionate offices of Count Rosenberg, an interview with the Emperor. Francis II. is not a cruel man. At the age of twenty-five he has not yet been hardened by long training in the school of state policy. He is a husband and a father. The heroic wife of Lafayette, with her daughters, is admitted to his presence. She demands only to share her husband's prison, but implores the Emperor to restore to liberty, the father of her children.—“He was indeed, Sire, an officer in the armies of republican America; but it was at a time when the daughter of Maria Theresa was foremost in his praise. He was indeed a leader of the French revolution; but not in its exercises, not in its crimes: and it was owing to him alone, that on the dreadful 5th of October, Marie Antoinette and her son had not been torn to pieces by the blood thirsty populace of Paris. He is not the prisoner of your justice, nor your arms; but was thrown by misfortune into your power, when he fled before the same monster of blood and crime, who brought the king and queen to the scaffold. Three of my family have perished on the same scaffold, my aged grand-parent, my mother and my sister. Will the Emperor of Germany close the dark catalogue, and doom my husband to a dungeon worse than death?—Restore him, Sire, not to his army, to his power, to his influence, but to his shattered health, his ruined fortunes,—to the affection of his fellow citizens in America, where he is content to close his career,—to his wife and children.”

The Emperor is a humane man. He hears, considers, reasons, hesitates;—tells her his hands are tied by reasons of state, and permits her to shut herself up, with her daughters, in the cells of Olmutz! There her health soon fails; she asks to be permitted to pass a month at Vienna to recruit it, and is answered that she may leave the prison when she pleases; but if she leaves it, is never again to return. On this condition, she rejects the indulgence with disdain, and prepares herself to sink, under the slow poison of an affected atmosphere, by her husband's side. But her brave heart—fit partner for a hero's—bore her through the trial;—though the hand of death was upon her. She prolonged a feeble existence of ten years, after their release from captivity, but never recovered the effects of this merciless imprisonment.

SYMPATHY BETWEEN TWINS.—M. Cazentre, of Bourdeaux, relates the case of twin brothers, born in June, 1829. They were sent out to nurse; and during the period of suckling they were not attacked with any severe disease; but it was observed with respect to slight indispositions connected with teething, that both were simultaneously and similarly affected. At the end of 15 months they were sent home, from which time they were seen by M.

Cazentre, who had thus an opportunity of witnessing what follows. In 1831 they both had quotidian fever, which in both began and ended on the same day; both had acute inflammation of the conjunctiva; both had colic, which lasted for twenty four hours; both had two molar teeth at the same time. In 1832 they had each cutaneous affections and bronchitis simultaneously. In 1833 both had measles, and then scarlatina; in both the supervision and disappearance of the eruptions took place at the same moment. In 1834 they had whooping cough, then ear ache,—in either instance simultaneously. Very recently one was attacked in the evening with itching of the back of the neck, with an eruption of vesicles; early next morning the other had the same sensation in the same spot, and accompanied by similar vesicles.—*Med. Gaz.*

THE INFIDEL MOTHER.—How is it possible to conceive that a woman can be an atheist? What shall prop up this reed if religion does not sustain her? The feeblest being in nature even on the eve of death, or loss of her charms; who shall support her if her hopes be not extended beyond an ephemeral existence? For the sake of her beauty alone, woman should be pious.

Gentleness, submission, suavity, tenderness, constitute part of the charms which the Creator bestowed on our first mother, and to charms of this kind infidelity is a moral foe.

Shall woman, who takes delight in concealment,—who never discloses more than half of her graces and of her thoughts, whom heaven formed for virtue, and the most mysterious of sentiments, modesty and love—shall woman, renouncing the engaging instinct of her sex, presume with rash and feeble hands, to attempt to withdraw the thick veil which conceals the Divinity? Whom doth she think to please by an effort alike absurd and sacrilegious? Does she hope by adding her petty and her frivolous metaphysics to the imprecations of a Spinoza, and the sophistry of a Bayle, to give us a higher opinion of her genius? Without doubt she has no thoughts of marriage, for what sensible man would unite himself for life to an impious partner?

The infidel wife has seldom any idea of her duties; she spends her days either in reasoning on virtue without practising its precepts, or in enjoyment of the tumultuous pleasures of the world.

But the day of vengeance approaches; time arrives, leading age by the hand. The sceptre, with icy hair and silver hands, plants himself on the threshold of the female Atheist; she perceives him and shrieks aloud. Who shall hear her voice? Her husband? She has none; long very long, has he withdrawn from the theatre of dishonor. Her children? Ruined by an impious education, and by maternal example, they concern themselves not about their mother. If she surveys the past, she beholds a pathless waste;—her virtues have left no traces behind them. For the first time she begins to be sensible how much more consolatory it would have been to have a religion. Unavailing regret! When the Atheist at the term of his career, discovers the illusions of a false philosophy; when annihilation, like an appalling meteor, begins to appear above the horizon of death, he would fain return to God, but it is too late, the mind, bug-boned by incredulity, rejects all conviction.

How different is the lot of the religious woman! Her days are replete with joy; she is respected, beloved by her husband, her children and her

household ; all place unbounded confidence in her, because they are firmly convinced of the fidelity of one who is faithful to her God. The faith of this christian is strengthened by her happiness, and her happiness by her faith ; she believes in God because she is happy, and she is happy because she believes in God.—*Chateaubriand.*

For the Traveller.

JANUARY MUSINGS.

Cold sweeps the blast from hill and moor,
Through the rough hovels of the poor,
While swift the snowy drift is piled,
Like pigmy mountains, drear and wild ;
By cabin rude or mansion tall,
Where'er an angle breaks the wall,
Of: lows the herd in shelter rude—
The village sits in solitude—
The cottage light scarce greets the plain,
So thick the hoar frost shrouds the pane,
While round the bleak and barren hill
The blasts of Winter echo shrill.

Now evening with unusual haste
Spreads deeper shadows o'er the waste,
And over every out-door form
Falls the white mantle of the storm ;
Man loads in vain the hungry fire,
In vain draws near the aged sire ;
In vain around the cheerful ring
The giddy throng the button fling ;
Or in the ample corner woo
Calorie from the wide-mouthed flue,
While o'er his mug of foaming ale
The vet'ran spins his oft told tale
Of battles fought, of victories won,
When he, a stripling, bore a gun.

Tired with the business of the day,
The house dog snores the hours away ;
While the good dame with firm intent,
Sits knitting out her evening stent,
Watching, with eyes that never tire,
The apples sputtering by the fire,
And turning round for equal heat,
The cider smoking at her feet.
Soon the old clock proclaims the hour
When Somnus claims o'er mortal power,
And straight within the truckle bed,
Full many a prattler hides his head,
While, having covered up the brands,
And locked the door with careful hands,
The parents hurry to their rest,
And thank their God that they are blest,
Nor mind the storm, though fierce and wild
It whistles over want's poor child,
Who, clothed in rags, from door to door
Collects the tribute of the poor.

And say, ye rich, ye full, ye warm,
Who listen idly to the storm,
Who pass in doors the bitter day,
Who speak, and willing slaves obey,
Who sit in furs and flannels rolled ;
Have ye no garments for the cold,
Have ye no food for starving man,
No balm for sickness' victim wan ?
No trifling sum, with which to start
The life's blood from the widow's heart ?
No gifts her infant babes to save
From sickness, hunger, or the grave ?
Remember the divine command,
Give to the poor with open hand,
Nor let it e'er be said again,
God's image asked of you in vain.

J. E. D.

TURKISH SULTAN.—At length, a commotion amongst the people, and yet more, the appearance of a messenger, with a great stick, followed by the commander-in-chief, the hurrying into place of

the guards, and the presenting of arms, indicated the approach of the Sultan. The golden gates unfolded, and a pompous train moved forth. It was opened by a division of horse-guards ; then came the chief officers of the household, in rich oriental attire ; after them the Sultan's saddle-horses, fine Arabians of the noblest race, but something over fat, led by two grooms each ; the bridles and housings of the animals were wrought with gold and silver, and set with jewels. They were followed by court attendants, state officials, and the great dignitaries of the Empire, in splendid dresses, some on foot, some on horseback. Last appeared the Sultan, on horseback, escorted by another division of guard. The whole foot-guard, which had hitherto stood under arms, and saluted in the true European fashion, now fell in, and the whole train set forward to the nearest mosque. The Sultan sat calmly and majestically upon his fine Arab. His face is pale, but full of expression and dignity ; it is graced with a handsome, round black beard.—He is like the prints we have of him, but begins to show age. His dress was not brilliant, but of the national costume ; a large, plain green caftan enveloped him ; a white and colored turban covered his head ; he had yellow boots, gold stirrups, and a mighty sabre, richly set with jewels, and fastened to his girdle, hung low down on his left side. He held the bridle carelessly ; and, with these sagacious, well-trained horses, that seem one with their rider, understanding every word, the bridle may indeed be superfluous. We bowed respectfully, taking off our hats ; a gracious inclination of the head, and wave of the hand, thanked us. Few of the crowd prostrated themselves after the Turkish fashion ; many made European bows ; the most folded their arms, after touching their mouths and foreheads, and bent their bodies.—*Behr's Travels.*

THE NIGHT ALARM.

BY MRS. LEE.

It was eleven o'clock, and four young and lovely sisters had assembled in one room to hear the contents of a letter, which had just arrived that morning from a distance. No matter what the letter said, but it may be presumed that it was unusually interesting ; and the quickly approaching marriage of one of the parties might lead to an easy divination of its nature, were it necessary to the following narrative. The group thus collected was worthy of the most skillful painter, and, although any artist might have been improved by the attempt, the most consummate feeling and execution could alone have done justice to it.

As it most probably never will be painted ; it may as well be described. The owner of the letter was in bed, but the broad lace border of the close cap, could not hide the deep expression of that dark gray eye, or the admirable delicacy of that chiselled nose, the long and taper fingers too, as they held the letter, bespoke an elegance of form well suited to the features. Another sister, half reclined on the foot of the bed, held the candle, the pale broad light of which discovered a countenance whose expression made even its regularity forgotten ; every sentence of the letter was reflected in that ever-varying face ; everything that was sad or joyous might there be found, and nothing but what was unfeminine or bad could fail to meet with its corresponding image there. A third sister had suspended the brushing of her long glossy hair to listen to the talk ; the intelligent look, the high commanding forehead, showed the mind of lofty and fixed purpose, and, as she rested one elbow on the pillar